A POWER COMIC

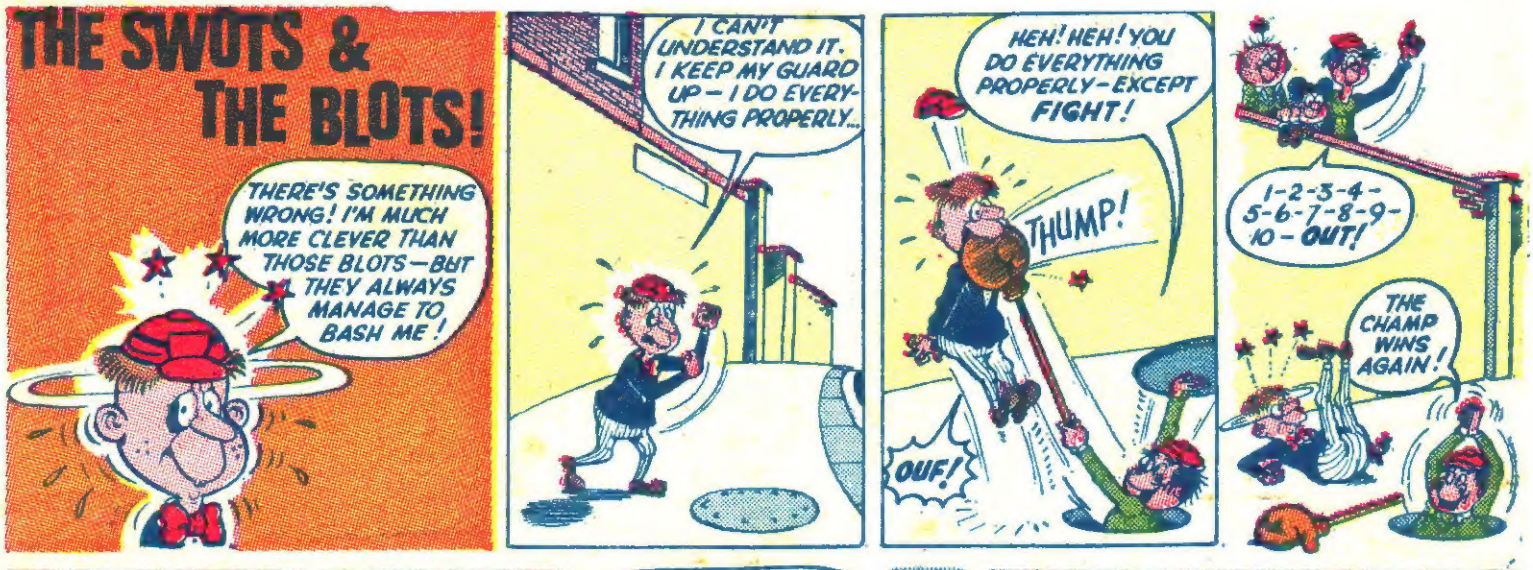
WIN AN L.P. RECORD OF POWER—FREE!

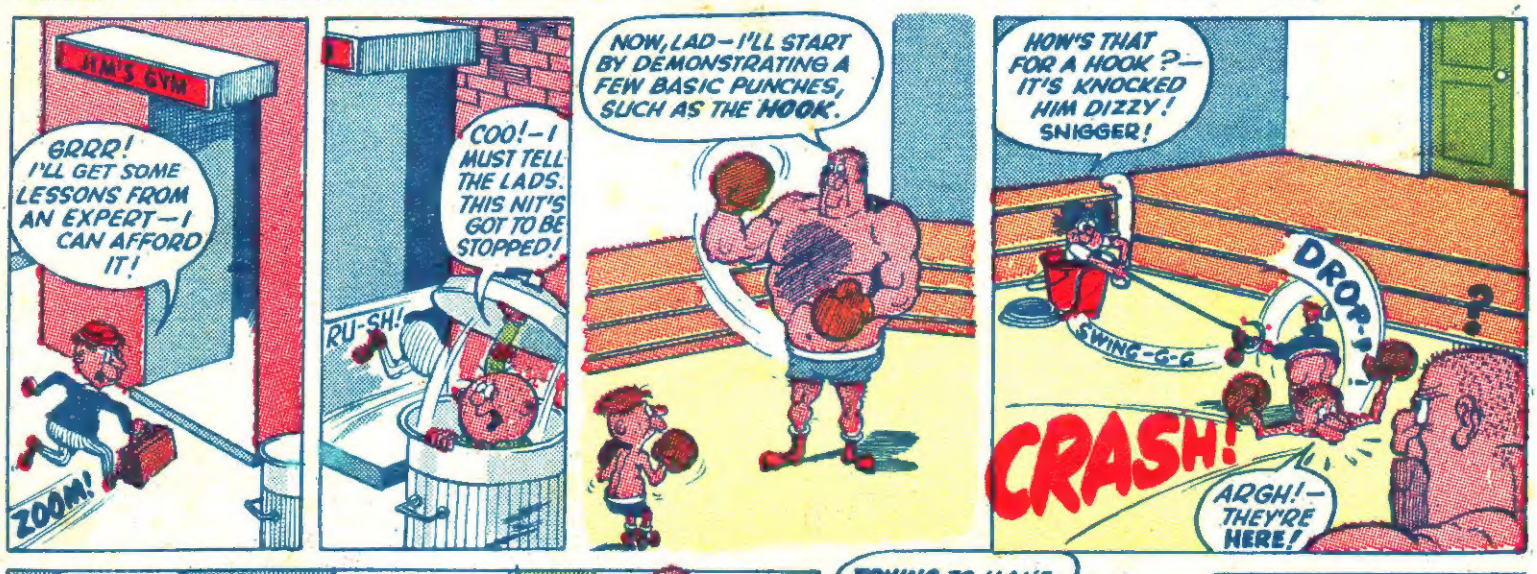
SMASH!

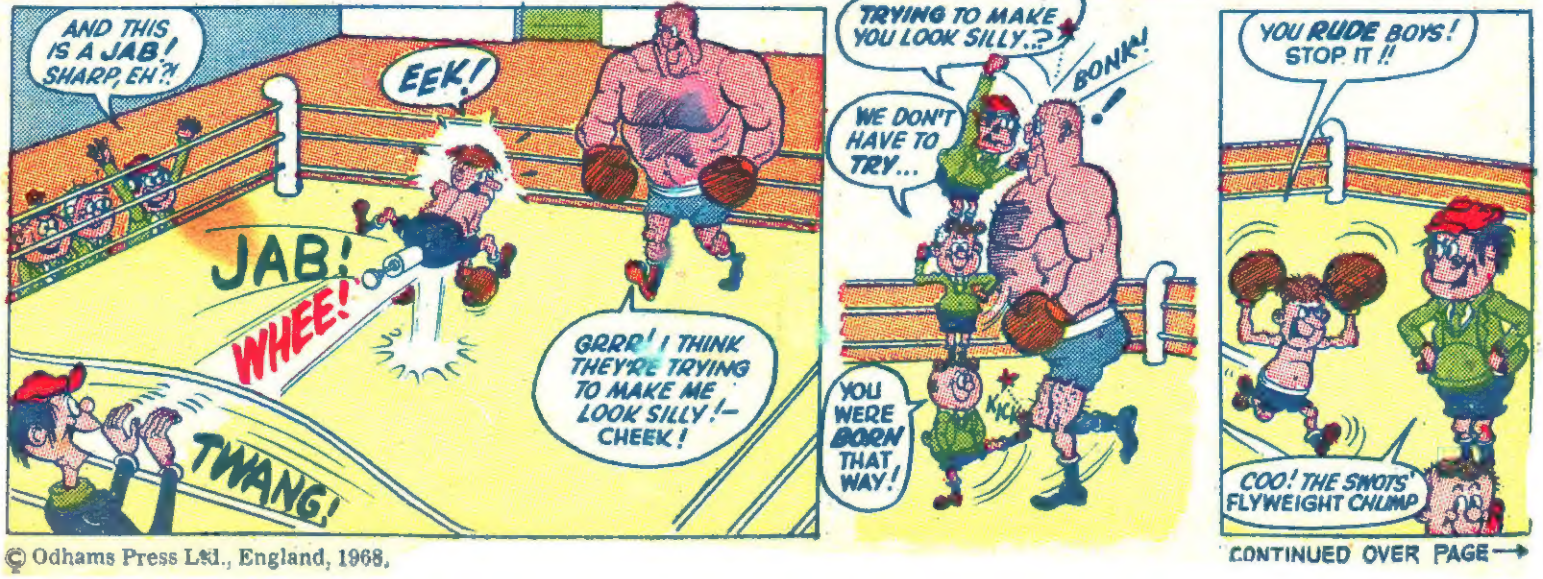
No. 120
18th MAY 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS & THE BLOTS!







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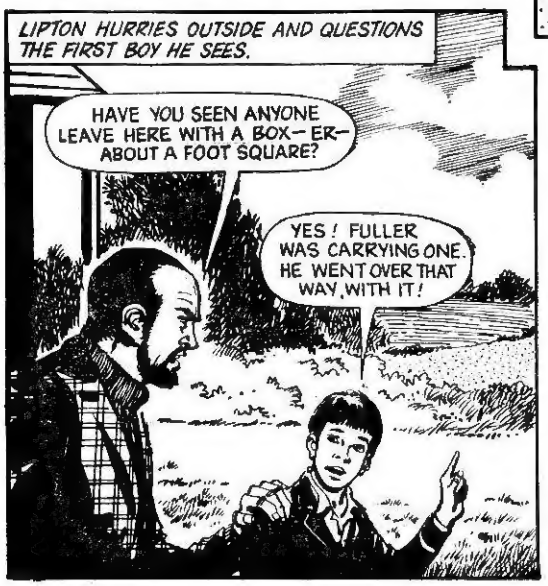
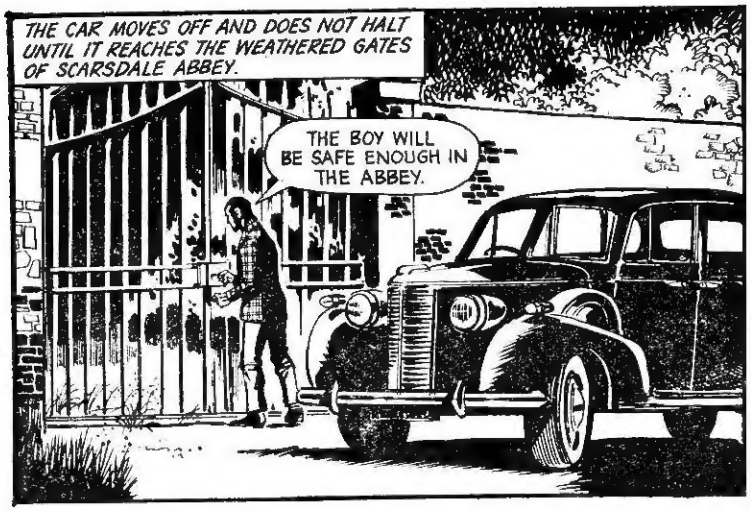
BRIAN'S BRAIN




THE CAR MOVES OFF AND DOES NOT HALT UNTIL IT REACHES THE WEATHERED GATES OF SCARSDALE ABBEY.
THE BOY WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH IN THE ABBEY.

THE NEWS THAT FULLER IS MISSING SLOWLY SPREADS OVER THE WEEKEND AND ON MONDAY AFTERNOON MR. LEWIS, THE HEADMASTER, SPEAKS TO THE ASSEMBLED SCHOOL.
... GERALD FULLER APPEARS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED AFTER THE FOOTBALL MATCH ON SATURDAY MORNING. IF ANY OF YOU HAS ANY CLUE, NO MATTER HOW SLIGHT, AS TO WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS BOY YOU MUST INFORM ONE OF THE STAFF.

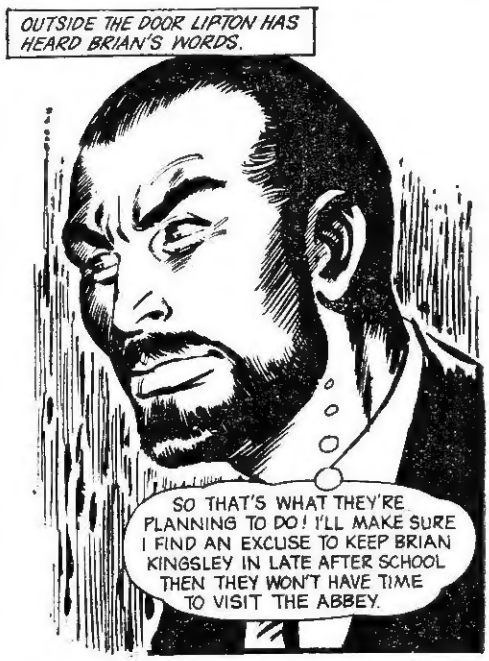
THAT EVENING BRIAN AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS DISCUSS THE MYSTERY OF FULLER'S DISAPPEARANCE.
DO YOU REMEMBER HOW GERALD FULLER MADE FUN OF THE GHOST OF SCARSDALE ABBEY AND AFTERWARDS I SAW THE GHOST? I'M SURE THE GHOST IS ANGRY WITH FULLER AND HAS KIDNAPPED HIM!
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A GHOST KIDNAPPING ANYONE AND, IN ANY CASE, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.

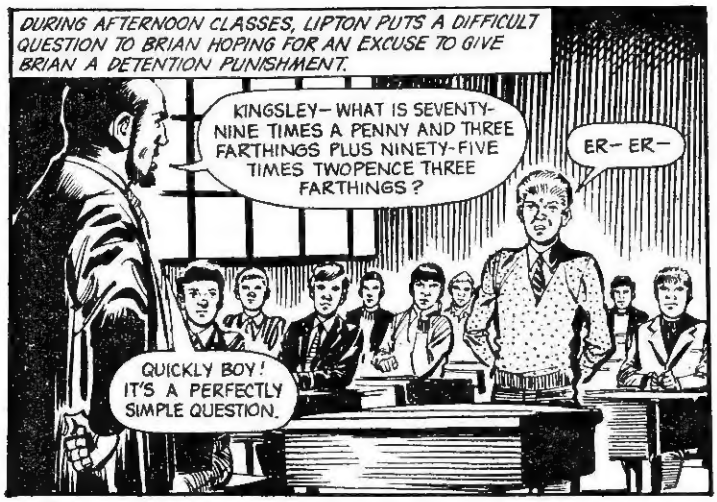
BRIAN TURNS TO THE BRAIN.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BRAIN?
I CAN ONLY SAY THAT THERE ARE MANY STRANGE THINGS IN THIS WORLD THAT MANKIND CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND!
THERE YOU ARE, BRIAN. THE BRAIN DIDN'T SAY THERE COULDN'T BE GHOSTS!

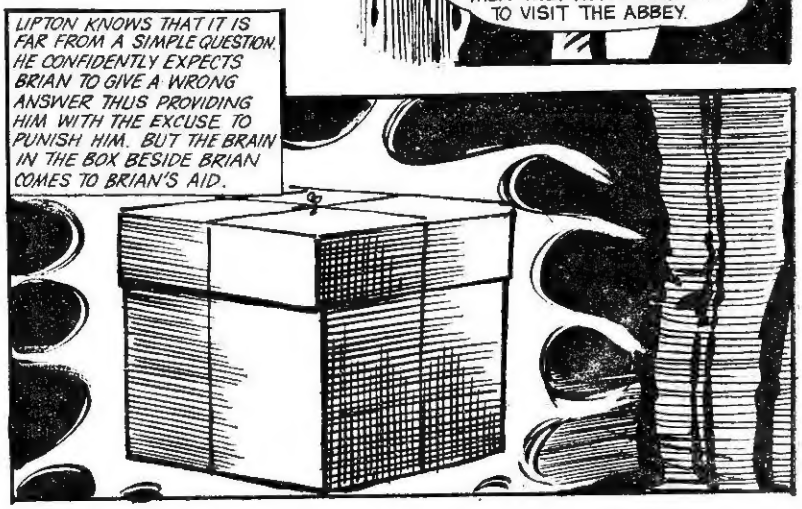
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, REMEMBERING THE HEADMASTER'S WORDS, THE BOYS CONFIDE THEIR SUSPICIONS TO THEIR NEW FORM MASTER, MR LIPTON.
YOU BOYS WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME. WHAT IS IT?
IT'S ABOUT FULLER, SIR. I THINK HE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE GHOST OF SCARSDALE ABBEY.
WHAT ROLLS MEANS, SIR, IS THAT THE ABBEY IS SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED AND LAST WEEK FULLER WAS MAKING FUN OF THE GHOST.

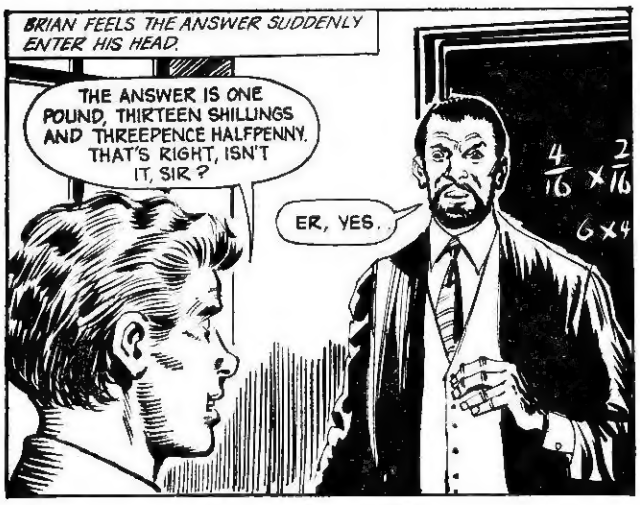
MR. LIPTON TURNS HIS HEAD AWAY, SO THAT THE BOYS SHALL NOT SEE THE SUDDEN ALARM THAT SPRINGS INTO HIS EYES.
GHOSTS! I SHOULD ADVISE YOU TWO TO FORGET ALL ABOUT WHAT YOU HAVE JUST TOLD ME. OTHERWISE YOU'LL ONLY MAKE YOURSELVES LOOK RATHER FOOLISH!
THE LAST THING I WANT IS THESE TWO KIDS NOSING ABOUT THE ABBEY.

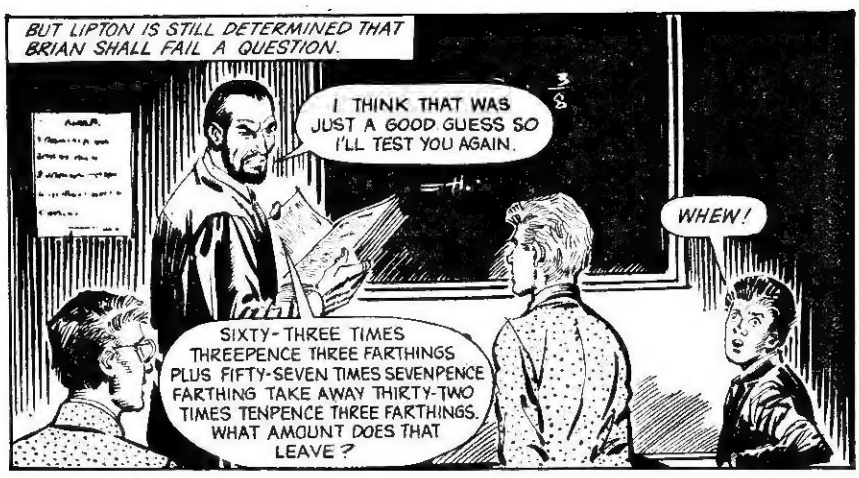
MR. LIPTON IS PROBABLY RIGHT. BUT I STILL THINK THERE IS A GHOST AND THAT IT'S GOT HOLD OF FULLER!
ALL RIGHT, DUFFY. JUST TO PLEASE YOU WE'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THE ABBEY GROUNDS ON OUR WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL.


OUTSIDE THE DOOR LIPTON HAS HEARD BRIAN'S WORDS.
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING TO DO! I'LL MAKE SURE I FIND AN EXCUSE TO KEEP BRIAN KINGSLEY IN LATE AFTER SCHOOL THEN THEY WON'T HAVE TIME TO VISIT THE ABBEY.


DURING AFTERNOON CLASSES, LIPTON PUTS A DIFFICULT QUESTION TO BRIAN HOPING FOR AN EXCUSE TO GIVE BRIAN A DETENTION PUNISHMENT.
KINGSLEY— WHAT IS SEVENTY-NINE TIMES A PENNY AND THREE FARTHINGS PLUS NINETY-FIVE TIMES TWOPENCE THREE FARTHINGS?
ER— ER—
QUICKLY BOY! IT'S A PERFECTLY SIMPLE QUESTION.


LIPTON KNOWS THAT IT IS FAR FROM A SIMPLE QUESTION. HE CONFIDENTLY EXPECTS BRIAN TO GIVE A WRONG ANSWER THUS PROVIDING HIM WITH THE EXCUSE TO PUNISH HIM. BUT THE BRAIN IN THE BOX BESIDE BRIAN COMES TO BRIAN'S AID.


BRIAN FEELS THE ANSWER SUDDENLY ENTER HIS HEAD.
THE ANSWER IS ONE POUND, THIRTEEN SHILLINGS AND THREEPENCE HALFPENNY. THAT'S RIGHT, ISN'T IT, SIR?
ER, YES.


BUT LIPTON IS STILL DETERMINED THAT BRIAN SHALL FAIL A QUESTION.
I THINK THAT WAS JUST A GOOD GUESS SO I'LL TEST YOU AGAIN.
WHEW!
SIXTY-THREE TIMES THREEPENCE THREE FARTHINGS PLUS FIFTY-SEVEN TIMES SEVENPENCE FARTHING TAKE AWAY THIRTY-TWO TIMES TENPENCE THREE FARTHINGS. WHAT AMOUNT DOES THAT LEAVE?

ONCE AGAIN BRIAN FEELS THE BRAIN SUPPLYING HIM WITH THE ANSWER.
THE ANSWER IS ONE POUND, FIVE SHILLINGS AND FIVEPENCE HALFPENNY.
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO KINGSLEY? HE MUST HAVE TURNED INTO A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS!

LIPTON IS AMAZED AND ANGRY.
WRONG! YOU OBVIOUSLY NEED MORE PRACTICE AT THIS SORT OF WORK, KINGSLEY. STAY IN AFTER SCHOOL AND WORK THROUGH ALL THE QUESTIONS IN THE SECOND HALF OF THIS BOOK.
YES, SIR.

AFTER THE CLASS IS DISMISSED FOR THE AFTERNOON BRIAN REMAINS BEHIND. DUFFY STAYS WITH HIM.
THAT WAS A STINKER OF A QUESTION THAT LIPTON GAVE YOU, BRIAN.
YES. BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW IT WAS THE BRAIN GAVE ME THE WRONG ANSWER. OR WAS IT THE WRONG ANSWER?

AND NOW YOU'VE GOT ALL THIS EXTRA WORK TO DO. IT'LL TAKE YOU HOURS!
NO IT WON'T. NOT WITH THE BRAIN HELPING ME!

WITH THE BRAIN'S HELP, BRIAN WORKS THROUGH THE QUESTIONS WITH AMAZING SPEED.
WOW! IF ONLY I HAD A BRAIN LIKE THAT!
THE CORRECT ANSWER IS SEVENTEEN MILES NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX YARDS, TWO FEET, THREE AND THREE-QUARTER INCHES. NEXT QUESTION, PLEASE.

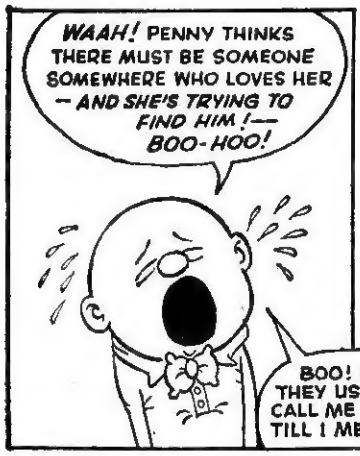
THE EXTRA WORK WHICH MR. LIPTON THOUGHT WOULD HAVE TAKEN BRIAN AT LEAST AN HOUR IS COMPLETED WITHIN TEN MINUTES.
FINISHED! NOW WE'LL TAKE THAT LOOK ROUND SCARSDALE ABBEY.

A SHORT TIME LATER THEY REACH THE WALLS OF THE ANCIENT ABBEY.
I—I'M WONDERING IF IT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA AFTER ALL TO SEARCH THE GROUNDS, BRIAN. AFTER ALL, I DID SEE A GHOST THERE.
NO, DUFFY. NOW THAT WE'VE COME SO FAR WE MUST MAKE OUR SEARCH. IF THERE IS A GHOST WE'LL FIND IT!
FEAR STRIKES FROM THE SHADOWS—NEXT ISH!

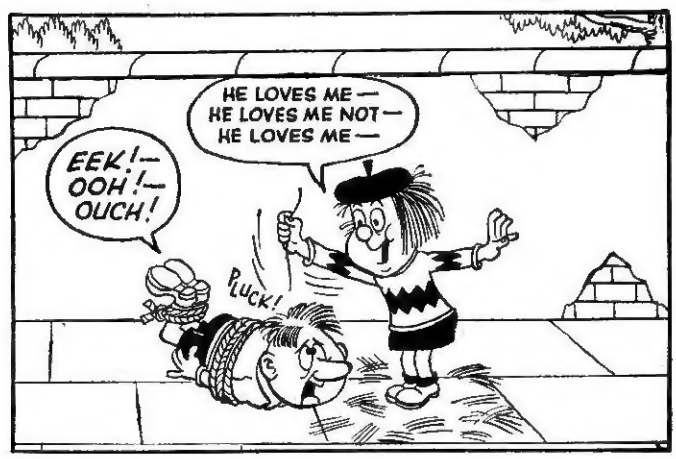
BAD PENNY

AMMO

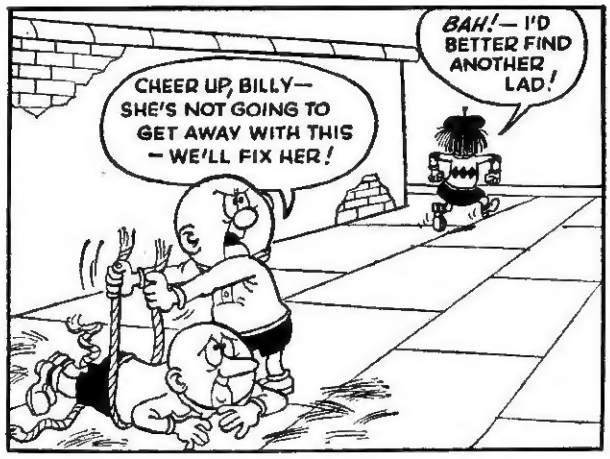
ONLY PENNY
1968


WAAH! PENNY THINKS THERE MUST BE SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WHO LOVES HER — AND SHE'S TRYING TO FIND HIM! — BOO-HOO!
BOO! HOO! THEY USED TO CALL ME GINGER TILL I MET PENNY!

SOUNDS AS IF SHE'S FOUND SOME OTHER POOR TWERP!
HELP! OW!
CARROT SEEDS
GOSH! THAT'S ONE WAY TO GET GINGER HAIR!


HE LOVES ME — HE LOVES ME NOT — HE LOVES ME —
EEK! — OOH! — OUCH!
PLUCK!

— HE LOVES ME NOT! BAH! I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND ANYONE WHO LOVES ME!
PING!

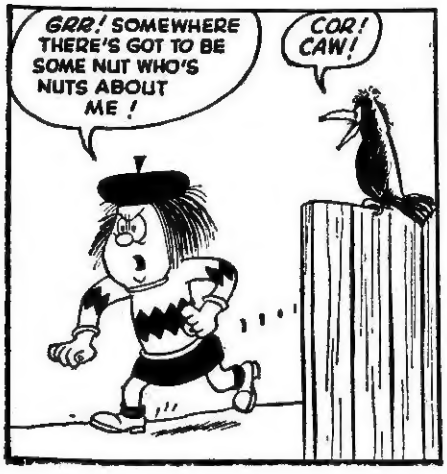

CHEER UP, BILLY — SHE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS — WE'LL FIX HER!
BAH! — I'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER LAD!

IT'S NO GOOD, PENNY! I DON'T LOVE YOU — I DON'T!
NONSENSE! YOU MIGHT LOVE ME AN' NOT KNOW IT!!
ZOOM!

BLAT!
AGH!!

WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN — THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH!
BLEH!

ERK! — YOU CHEAT! — IT'S A WIG!
WELL — ER — IT'S A LONG STORY!

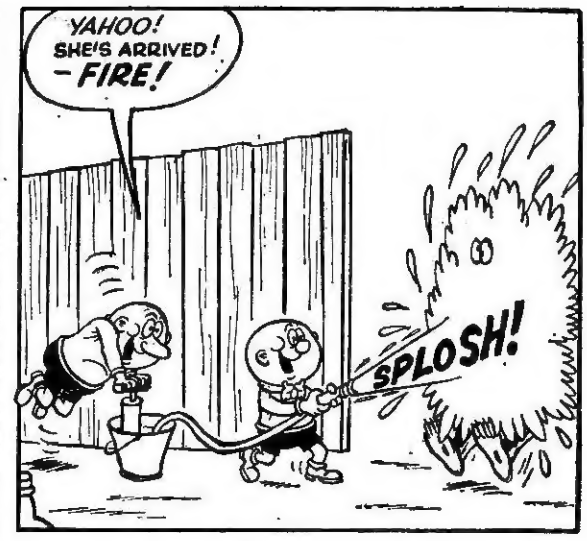

GRR! SOMEWHERE THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME NUT WHO'S NUTS ABOUT ME!
COR! CAW!

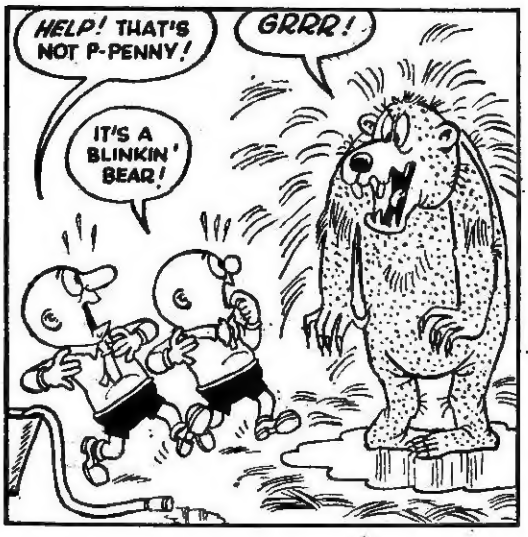
HERE SHE COMES NOW — LET'S SEE HOW SHE LIKES LOSING HER HAIR!
SHE'LL SOON BE CALLED 'BALD PENNY'! HEH! HEH!
HAIR REMOVER

COO! LOOK WHO'S HERE — I WONDER WHO THEY ARE WAITING FOR?
HAIR REMOVE

WON'T BE LONG, ANTONIO! I'LL JUST TAKE DELIA FOR A QUICK-STEP ROUND THE BLOCK!
YOU NOTTA BE LONG THEN!

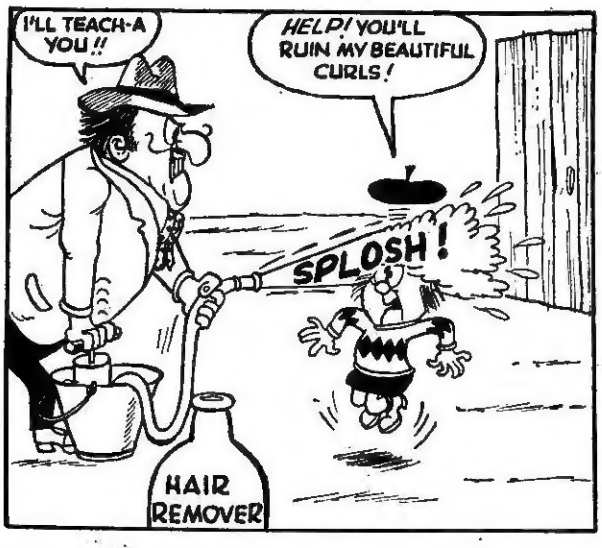
AFTER YOU, DELIA — LADIES FIRST!


YAHOO! SHE'S ARRIVED! — FIRE!
SPLOSH!


HELP! THAT'S NOT P-PENNY!
GRRR!
IT'S A BLINKIN' BEAR!

A NICE DANCE — NOTE THE NIFTY FOOTWORK!
STAMP!
WA-AH!

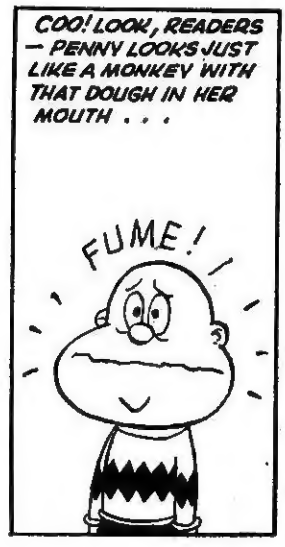
EEK! WHATTA YOU DONE TO MY LOVELY BEAR?! — SHE'S-A BARE!
GULP!
JUMP!

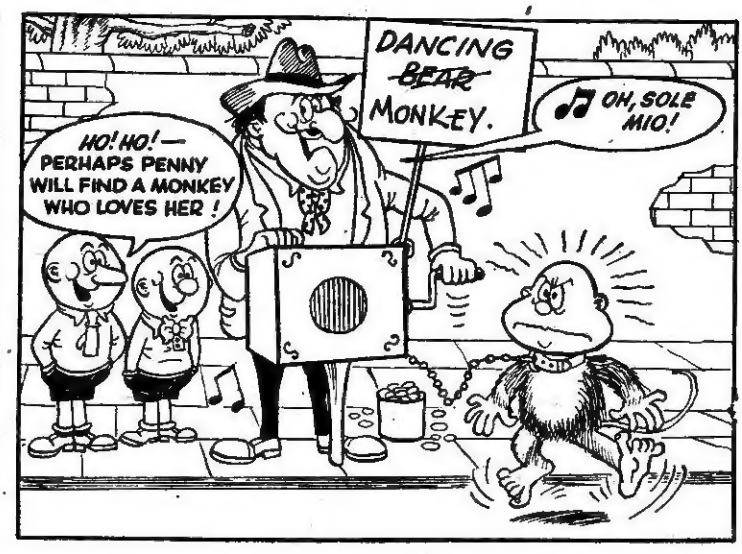

I'LL TEACH-A YOU!!
HELP! YOU'LL RUIN MY BEAUTIFUL CURLS!
SPLOSH!
HAIR REMOVER

!

COO! WHAT'S ANTONIO GOING TO DO WITH THAT BIG LUMP OF DOUGH?
BOO-HOO!

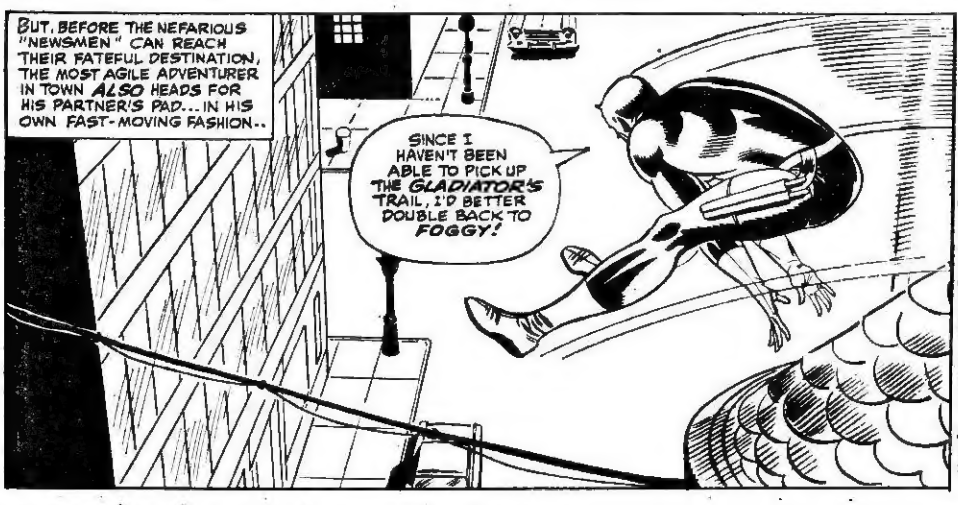
GRRR! NOW I GET-A MY OWN BACK — AND I DON'T WANT-A TO HEAR YOUR 'ORRIBLE CRYING!
SPLUT!


COO! LOOK, READERS — PENNY LOOKS JUST LIKE A MONKEY WITH THAT DOUGH IN HER MOUTH . . .
FUME!


DANCING ~~BEAR~~ MONKEY.
♫ OH, SOLE MIO!
HO! HO! — PERHAPS PENNY WILL FIND A MONKEY WHO LOVES HER!

IT'S DAREDEVIL v THE MASKED MARAUDER... AND THE GLADIATOR!

WHILE A GANG OF PICKED HOODLUMS HEAD FOR FOGGY NELSON'S APARTMENT—BECAUSE THEY THINK HE IS DAREDEVIL—OUR TWO CHIEF VILLAINS ARE SLUGGING IT OUT TO DECIDE WHO'S BOSS! . . .



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

YOU FELLAS HAVE THINGS A BIT MIXED UP!
I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT IT'S MY JOB TO GET YOU!
THOUGH I HOPE I'M NOT COMMITTING A BREACH OF PROTOCOL!
THOK!
ZAP!
BIG JOE! WHERE ARE YOU? YOU CAN STOP HIM!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT I CAN STOP HIM! JUST STAND BACK AND GIVE ME ROOM!
OKAY, SO YOU DODGED MY PUNCH... BIG DEAL! YOU AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO IT FOREVER!
HE'S RIGHT! WHICH IS WHY I BETTER PUT HIM OUT OF COMMISSION AS OF NOW!
C'MON, LITTLE BULLY CLUB! IT'S WALTZ-TIME AGAIN!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO RESIST MAKING A CRACK ABOUT "THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL", JOEY BABY!
THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO REMAIN IN THE MIDST OF THEM...
THAT WAY, THEY CAN'T SHOOT WITHOUT FEAR OF HITTING EACH OTHER!
HOOM!

THEN, IN ONE SWIFT MOTION, THE FEARLESS CRIME-FIGHTER SNATCHES THE FALLEN FLOOR LAMP WHICH LIES BENEATH HIM, AND CHARGES FORWARD.. LIKE A HUMAN BATTERING RAM...
WHUPPFF!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP THEIR ATTENTION ON ME... SO THAT FOGGY WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
OOOSH!
UH-OH! OTHERS COMING... FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!

RUSH HIM!! NO MATTER HOW FAST HE IS, HE CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE!
HAVE TO CONCENTRATE! LISTEN TO EACH FOOTFALL... EACH HEARTBEAT... THEN, PICK THE EXACT SPLIT-SECOND TO MOVE!
LOOK AT HIM! WHERE'S HIS SMART TALK NOW? HE KNOWS WE GOT HIM!

I DID IT! ANOTHER SECOND WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!
SAY, PUSSYCAT--- TELL ME AGAIN HOW I KNOW YOU'VE GOT ME!
I CAN LISTEN TO FAIRY TALES ALL DAY LONG!
BABOOM!

YOU OUT-SMARTED YOURSELF THAT TIME, MASKED MAN!
BY KNOCKING OFF SO MUCH OF THE OPPOSITION, YOU LEFT YOURSELF WIDE OPEN FOR ME TO USE MY IRON ON YOU!
I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANY STRAY BULLETS SKIPPING AROUND.. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THEY'LL HIT!
HE'S RIGHT! I'M LIKE A SITTING DUCK HERE! HIS PULSE IS SPEEDING UP... ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER...!

BUT THEN, ANOTHER FIGURE ENTERS THE SCENE, DESPERATELY GRAPPLING WITH THE ARMED ASSASSIN FROM BEHIND...
I MAY NOT REALLY BE DAREDEVIL, BUT I WON'T STAND BY AND SEE A MURDER BEING COMMITTED!
KRAK!

GOOD WORK, FELLA!

OL' FOGGY REALLY CAME THROUGH IN THE PINCH!
IT PROVES A MAN DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A SUPER-HERO TO HAVE THE COURAGE OF ONE!
I'LL TAKE OVER NOW, LAWYER MAN! THIS IS MORE IN MY LINE OF WORK!
DARN IT! I DIDN'T SENSE THAT TABLE IN TIME! I DROPPED HIM!

YOU HAVEN'T WON YET, DAREDEVIL! NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU CAN HOLD US OFF... THE MARAUDER WILL BE HERE SOON... AND THAT'LL BE YOUR FINISH!
THE MARAUDER, EH? THANKS, BIG MOUTH! NOW THE PIECES ARE BEGINNING TO FIT TOGETHER!
UH OH! HE'S STILL HOLDING HIS GUN! LOOK ALIVE, D.D.! YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET!

THAT WON'T HELP YOU, SMART GUY! YOU CAN'T HOLD ONTO A HEAVY HASSOCK FOREVER!
WELL THEN, WOULD YOU BELIEVE A FEW SECONDS?
DAREDEVIL! LOOK OUT! THE OTHERS ARE STARTING TO RUSH US AGAIN!
THWOK!
THUPP!
THOMMF!

YEEOOOF!
PTOOMP!
HE WAS RIGHT, NELSON! I COULDN'T HOLD ONTO THAT THING FOREVER...
AND I DIDN'T INTEND TO!
AND NOW I'LL CONCENTRATE ON OUR OTHER ROMPER ROOM RASCALS!

IN CASE I FORGET TO TELL YOU LATER, I WANT TO THANK YOU FELLAS NOW...
USUALLY, A GENT LIKE ME HAS TO PAY TO HIRE A BUNCH OF SPUNKY SPARRING PARTNERS!
BUT, IT'S REAL NICE OF YOU EAGER BEAVERS TO VOLUNTEER YOUR SERVICES FOR FREE!
SPLAK!
PAY ATTENTION WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU!

DAREDEVIL... OVER THERE! ONE OF THEM IS GETTING AWAY!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, LAWYER MAN! WE MUSTN'T BE GREEDY!
WE DON'T WANT TO PUT ALL THE OTHER SUPER-HEROES OUT OF WORK! LET'S LEAVE HIM FOR THEM!
GOT TO GET AWAY!
GOT TO REACH THE MARAUDER!
HAVE TO TELL HIM ABOUT DARE-DEVIL!

I CAN STILL HARDLY BELIEVE IT! YOU BEAT THEM ALL... SINGLE-HANDED... AND YOU MADE IT LOOK SO EASY! JUST LIKE YOU WERE ONLY KIDDING AROUND!
THAT'S PART OF THE SUPER-HERO MYSTIQUE, FELLA! YOU'VE GOT TO PUT ON A GOOD SHOW, OR YOU MIGHT LOSE YOUR AUDIENCE TO SOME OTHER COSTUMED CLOWN!
NICE OF YOU TO SAY THAT... BUT THIS KIND OF WORK SURE ISN'T FOR ME!
OH, WELL, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THE LAND-LORD TO RE-DECORATE IT FOR ME ANYWAY!
NOW HE'LL HAVE TO DO IT!
ANYWAY, YOU CERTAINLY CAME THROUGH WHEN I NEEDED YOU!
TOO BAD YOUR APART-MENT TOOK SUCH A BEATING!
BUT BEST OF ALL, MY IDIOTIC MASQUERADE IS FINALLY OVER! NOW EVERYONE WILL KNOW THAT I'M NOT REALLY DAREDEVIL!

AND SPEAKING OF EVERYONE KNOWING, LET'S REJOIN THE MASKED MARAUDER ONCE MORE, AS HE CONTINUES HIS LITTLE TANGO WITH THE GYRATING GLADIATOR...
MARAUDER!! MARAUDER!! WHERE ARE YOU?
ONE OF MY MEN! WHAT IS HE DOING BACK SO SOON?
IN HERE!! WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S DAREDEVIL, BOSS! HE LICKED THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US! I NEVER SAW ANYONE FIGHT LIKE HIM!
BUT I WAS LUCKY! I MANAGED TO GET AWAY!
LUCKY?! YOU BRAINLESS, BUMBLING FOOL!! WHAT IF HE FOLLOWED YOU HERE?!!
HE DIDN'T! I KNOW HE DIDN'T!
BUT I DIDN'T TELL YOU THE BIGGEST NEWS YET.. WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THIS..!

IT'S NELSON... HE AIN'T REALLY DAREDEVIL!! WHILE WE BUSTED IN ON 'IM, THE REAL DAREDEVIL TORE INTO US!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU'RE LYING! NELSON HAS TO BE DAREDEVIL! ADMIT IT..!
LET GO! WHY WOULD I LIE ABOUT IT? I DON'T CARE IF HE'S REALLY DONALD DUCK! I'M TELLING YOU WHAT I SAW!
THAT MEANS WE'VE BEEN GOING AFTER THE WRONG MAN!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT NELSON LOOKED TOO SOFT.. TOO FLABBY... AND YET.. I WAS SO SURE..!

YOU IDIOTIC, ARMOUR-CLAD BUNGLER! WHILE YOU WASTED TIME FIGHTING ME... MY ENTIRE MASTER PLAN HAS GONE TO PIECES! IF THE REAL DAREDEVIL CAME TO NELSON'S RESCUE, WE COULD HAVE CAUGHT HIM... IF NOT FOR YOU!!
SHUT UP!! I HAVE TO THINK! IF NELSON ISN'T DARE-DEVIL, THEN WE'RE STARTING FROM SCRATCH AGAIN! WE CAN'T LET HIM MAKE FOOLS OF US... NO MATTER WHO HE REALLY IS! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER! HE CAN'T BEAT THE TWO OF US!
AND HE WON'T!! I PROMISE YOU THAT!

YOU DID WELL TO WARN US! NOW GO! TAKE ALL MY PAPERS AND PLANS TO OUR ALTERNATE HIDE-OUT! THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE!

IF DAREDEVIL CAPTURED THE OTHERS, ONE OF THEM IS SURE TO TALK! THE POLICE MIGHT BE ON THEIR WAY HERE NOW!

OKAY, BOSS!

OKAY, MARAUDER.. I'M STRINGING ALONG WITH YOU! YOU GOT THE ORGANIZATION AND THE KNOW-HOW! BUT, WE'RE PARTNERS, SEE?

YES, YES... OF COURSE!

UNTIL I HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF YOU, YOU DIM-WITTED FOOL!

THIS ROUND GOES TO DAREDEVIL... BUT IT'S ONLY THE OPENING GUN IN THE BATTLE TO COME!

HE HAS MERELY DEFEATED A FEW OF OUR UNDERLINGS! BUT NEXT TIME HE FACES US!

NO MATTER WHO HE IS... WE'LL FIND HIM SOME-HOW! AND THAT'LL BE THE END OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

AND THUS WE LEAVE OUR VENGEFUL DASTARDLY DUO.. TITANIC TWO.. PERILOUS PAIR.. CRAVEN COUPLE... GRUESOME TWOSOME! (HEAR THIS! POWER BELIEVES IN GIVING YOU A CHOICE.. NOT AN ECHO!)

BUT, OUR STIRRING SAGA IS NOT YET ENDED! WE'VE STILL GOT A LOOSE END OR TWO TO TIE UP.. SO, LET'S START TYING...

AT THE OFFICE OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, A SHORT TIME LATER, AN ELATED KAREN PAGE HEARS SOME MOST WELCOME NEWS...

..AND SO, THE POLICE HAVE CONFIRMED THE FACT THAT FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON IS DEFINITELY NOT THE MYSTERIOUS DAREDEVIL! IN FACT, IT WAS THE REAL DAREDEVIL WHO RESCUED NELSON...

OH, THANK GOOD-NESS! THAT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL NEWS OF ALL!

KAREN..?

OH, FOGGY! I WAS JUST LISTENING TO THE RADIO REPORT..!

THEN YOU KNOW.. ABOUT ME NOT REALLY BEING DAREDEVIL!

I..I GUESS YOU MUST THINK I'M THE WORLD'S PRIZE CHUMP..?

WELL... I SURE CAN'T BLAME YOU!

HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING, YOU SILLY DARLING!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ATTEMPT-ED THAT DANGEROUS MASQUERADE... BUT I'M SURE YOU HAD A GOOD REASON!

ANYWAY, THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS THAT IT'S ALL OVER... AND YOU'RE SAFE AND SOUND!

THEN... SHE DOESN'T THINK I'M A FOOL! NOTHING'S REALLY CHANGED BETWEEN US! I'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE WITH HER!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN OUR BEST TEAR-JERKING TRADITION...

MY RADAR SENSE DETECTS TWO FIGURES... KAREN AND FOGGY... SHE'S KISSING HIM!

I... PICKED A POOR TIME... TO RETURN TO WORK...!

IT SEEMS AS THOUGH MY WORST FEARS ARE CONFIRMED...

..I HAVE LOST HER TO FOGGY! SO, I'LL JUST... WAIT!!

WHAT'S THAT SHE'S SAYING?!

WHETHER YOU'RE A SUPER-HERO OR NOT, WOULDN'T CHANGE THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU!

AFTER ALL, I THINK MATT IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN... AND NOBODY COULD BE LESS LIKE DAREDEVIL!

SHE..THINKS I'M... THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN... SHE'S EVER KNOWN!!

SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING... I LOVE YOU!

HELLO, MATT! WE WERE JUST... TALKING ABOUT YOU!

THAT SO? NO WONDER MY EARS WERE BURNING!

DID YOU HEAR THE GOOD NEWS? FOGGY ISN'T DAREDEVIL! IT WAS ALL JUST A MISTAKE!

PERSONALLY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS REALLY CAPTAIN AMERICA!

ANYWAY, PERHAPS YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON YOUR LAW PRACTICE NOW... WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT SINISTER SUPER-VILLAINS LURKING BEHIND EVERY FILING CABINET!

YOU DON'T KNOW IT, YOUNG LADY... BUT I'M GOING TO CONCENTRATE ON YOU!

AT LEAST, I LEARNED THAT BEING A SUPER-HERO ISN'T THE FUN THING I THOUGHT IT WAS!

IF YOU ASK ME, THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL A BUNCH OF PRACTISING NEUROTICS!

ON THAT PHILOSOPHICAL NOTE, WE TAKE LEAVE OF OUR LITTLE TRIO.. AS WE TRY TO IGNORE THE MENACING SHADOW LOOMING EVER LARGER ACROSS THEIR FUTURE!

NEXT ISH: THE VENGEANCE OF THE OWL!

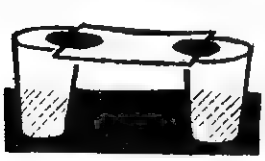
Mister Knowall

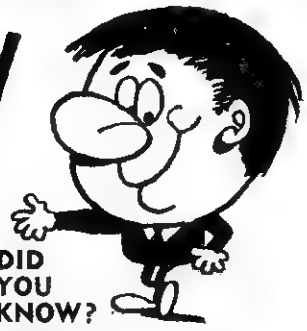
Challenges YOU..

CUT a strip of thin paper and place it across two glasses or cups. Then balance a penny on the rim of each glass on top of the paper.

Now I challenge you to take away the paper from beneath the pennies without TOUCHING them or making them overbalance.

Answer next week, Knowalls.





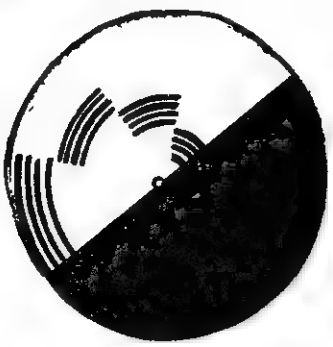
DID YOU KNOW?

Why do birds in a nest always agree? What can you change without moving? When is a black dog not a black dog?

If they didn't they would fall out. Your mind. When it is a greyhound.

WHAT COLOUR IS BLACK?

So you think black is black? Well, paste this pattern on to stiff card and cut it out. Now stick a piece of pencil through the centre so that you can spin it like a top. And you'll get a dazzling display of COLOURS!



Answer to last week's challenge . . .

I asked you to write down the figure NINE in such a way that if you divided it, the two parts would make TEN. Here's how it's done. . . . Write down NINE in Roman numerals. . . . Now fold the paper in half across—and you've got the figure SIX on one half and FOUR on the other—which together make TEN. Right? Right!!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

A SPECIAL SCREED FROM SUNNY STEVE! 'Member we gave you advance info on the first British Comics Convention, organised by garreteer Sunny Steve Moore and his friends? Well, if the news had you hopping on a hot griddle of impatience waiting for the final word on IS it going to happen, and WHEN and WHERE! . . . then this is it! The news you've been waiting for!
IT'S HAPPENING! From August 30th to September 2nd, at the Midland Hotel in Birmingham. ALL details are still not quite available at this time of writing but there WILL be displays of original comics artwork by top professionals. There WILL be a full FOUR-HOUR FILM serial featuring a great comic book hero (maybe, just maybe, it will be CAPTAIN AMERICA). And there'll be rare collectors'-item comics for sale . . . . Panels and discussions on darned near every aspect of the comic world . . . and also (and here's a chance to show you're on the ball, creative-thinking-wise) A FANCY DRESS PARADE with a year's subscription to the comic (British or American) of your choice as first prize. Want to know more? Then write (with stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply) to Steve's sidekick, PHIL CLARKE, 9 Almond Close, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29. So now, all you true comics buffs . . . . OVER TO YOU!

CLOBBERIN' CORNER. Amidst the furious action of the new FANTASTIC FOUR yarn commencing in Pow this very week, we have something of an 'old pals' session. The F.F. side along with an all-time favourite of yours and ours . . . . none other than the princely SUB-MARINER! And with whom are they grappling? . . . again no other than that top-ten baddie ATTUMA! And in the THUNDERGOD THOR corner of the ring, we have our FANTASTIC based hero and his Greek counterpart HERCULES battlin' not one villain . . . . but two! So if it's superheroaction you like (and doesn't EVERYONE?) just don't miss the mighty immortal pair as they take on PLUTO, KING OF THE UNDERWORLD and SEIDRING THE MERCILESS! Could anyone, but anyone, ask for more?.
Power and ZZZZZZAAAAAARRRRRR — WWWWOOOOO-MMMMM!! Yes there is a connection! Here's a clue! That last letteral conglomeration is our graphic interpretation of the sound of a Formula I Ferrari speeding into an Italian Grand Prix lap at MONZA! Still don't get it? We'll put it another way. If YOU can thrill from just hearing a Cooper-Maserati howling down the treacherous 140 m.p.h. "long curve" on the super-fast Spa-Francorchamps circuit in Belgium, then blaring along the Masta Straight at around 180! . . . If YOUR spine's inclined to tingle listening to the firecracker snapping of changing-down gears as a BRM whooshes down the dangerous Monaco Grand Prix straight, to tyre-scream around the famous Gashouse Corner! . . . if you DELIGHT in the rasp and thunder of GRAND PRIX MOTOR RACING . . . then, tiger, you'll go RAVIN' WILD over our great, great, great speed-disc competition! SOOOO! . . hunch down in the cockpit, feller! Build up those think-revs, speed cat! . . . and away you ZZZOOOOMMMMM!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Robert Eastwood, St. Alban's, Herts.; O. J. Parker, Horsham, Sussex; Kirk Griffiths, Penyrheol, Caerphilly, Nr. Cardiff; Kevin Ireland, Brixton, London, S.W.9; D. S. Obhrai, Southall, Middlesex; Barry Clayton, St. Martins, Guernsey; Richard Newey, Southgate, London, N.14; Derek Noble, Glenrothes, Fife, Scotland; G. N. Hull, Acocks Green, Birmingham; Michael Farmer, Wallasey, Cheshire; Ian Stott, Johnstown, Wrexham; Frank Burke, Milnrow, Nr. Rochdale; Trevor Alexander, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire; Nicholas Sievewright, Bakewell, Derbyshire; Simon Kean, Stevenage, Herts.; Julian Cohen, Prestwich, Lancs.; Peter Nicholson, Poplar, London, E.14; Alan Coulthard, Lenton, Nottingham; Stephen Stridgeon, Highfield, Nr. Wigan, Lancs.; T. R. Street, Romford, Essex.

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
In Smash 110 Batman and Robin were flying in the batplane—but the batplane had been exploded when he had crashed!
John Lindsay,
Llandudno.

Sorry, John, but it was the batcopter *that crashed, not the batplane! Oh, boy, it feels great to be right for once! It feels so good we can even send you a pound without feeling pain . . . and if you can win a pound by being wrong you're doing all right, too! So everybody's happy!*
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In Smash ish 114 you showed Fatty walking across the road in front of a moving car. In the top left corner you'd put "Look out, you fat idiot! Don't you know your highway code?" It should have been, "Don't you know your kerb drill?"
Edwin Aldridge,
Grimsby.

It's like this, Edwin. Motorists think in terms of the highway code and pedestrians think of kerb drill. Now the chap who writes the Nervs is very rich and he goes everywhere by car, so naturally he put "highway code." And we in the garret didn't spot it, because we're very rich too and we go everywhere by car — if you showed us a bus ticket we wouldn't know what it was!—okay, okay, so you don't believe us. We're used to being misunderstood!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I like your comic very much but one thing that puzzled me was in the Rubberman story in ish 112, where you showed Maestro playing a violin which let out a sonic barrage. He wasn't wearing a helmet so how come the noise did not affect him? Please could you explain this?
David Jones,
Highworth, Wilts.

Well, David, we pinned down the writer of the story, and after thinking furiously he came up with: "Maestro wasn't affected because he wore special tiny ear-plugs he had invented for himself—too small to be seen in the illustrations, of course! But it was rather a costly and lengthy process to make these special plugs so his henchmen just had ordinary ear-covering-type-noise-mufflers." Well, what could we do but take his word for it?
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I have made up this poem for all of you up in the garret. Here it is:
Alf comes first; to the garret he's bound,
Printing letters that win us a pound.
Cos is next, all in a flash,
Planning away at next week's SMASH.
Bart's socks they walk and stalk around,
Treading silently on the ground.
Big John Mead, that giant art-man,
Drawing his drawings as fast as he can.
Brian Green, that great jazz-band leader,
While playing jazz stops for a breather . . .
I know there are more of you up in the garret,
But if I kept on I'd end up like a parrot!
George Jones,
Duston, Northants.
P.S.: I think all the Power comics are GREAATTT!

Alf and Bart and Cos and Derek,
Steve and Brian and John:
Ken and Rog and Peggy and Bill—
Why should we go on?—
All the garret gang agree
Your poem was a wow!
Congratulations, Georgie!—
From Fantastic, Smash and POW!
Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in Smash is .....
My second favourite feature in Smash is .....
Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Got your Grand Prix wall chart yet?
WARDS
GRAND PRIX
1968 FORMULA 1
THREE LITRE
COOPER MASERATI
It's FREE with Wards great new Grand Prix high performance shoes!
It's all here! The inside story of the Formula 1 Cooper Maserati . . . the world's leading drivers and their cars . . . vintage machines . . . Grand Prix circuits . . . and lots more. In thrilling colour and detail. Absolutely free with Wards new Grand Prix shoes for boys. Five great styles. All guaranteed for six months. Look out for them. Monza, Le Mans, Silverstone, Sebring and Monaco (illustrated)
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Stylish bodywork
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Six months guarantee
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GRAND PRIX
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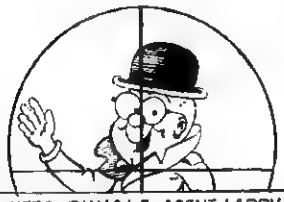
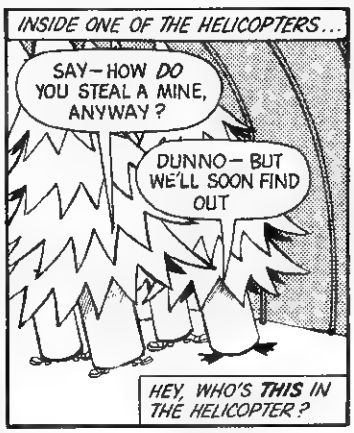
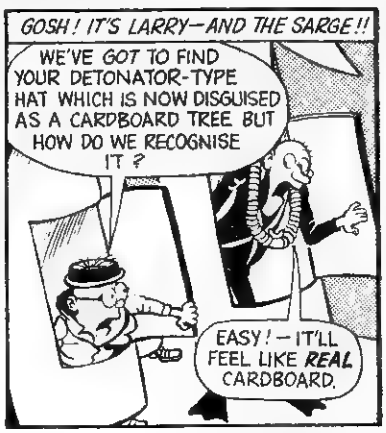
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

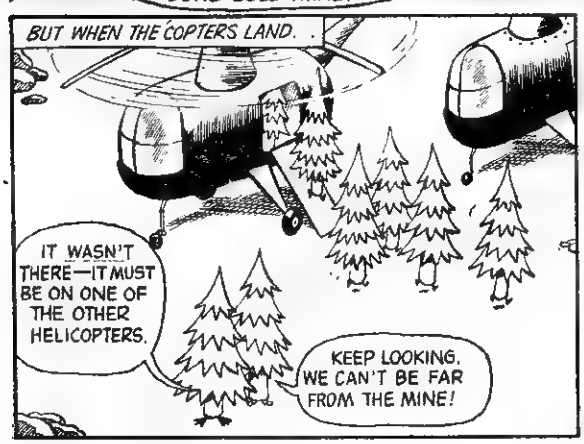
...IN CANADA...

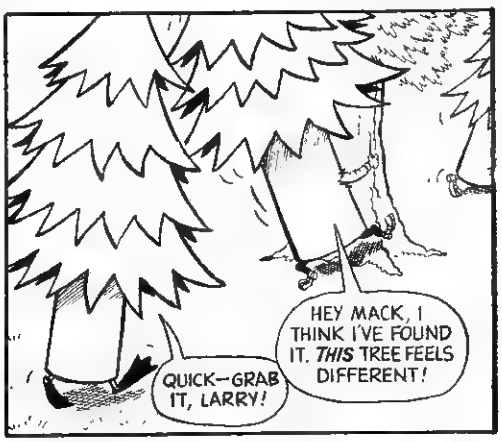


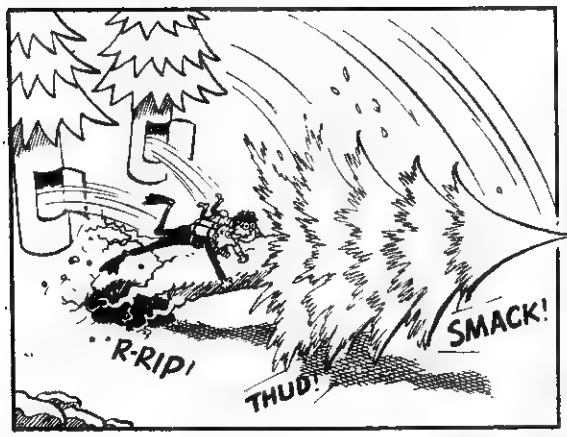
OUR HERO, B.U.N.G.L.E. AGENT LARRY, WAS LAST SEEN WITH A MOUNTIE SERGEANT IN THE CARDBOARD TREE FACTORY—WHICH HAS JUST BLOWN UP! SO ROBBER T. LEAF AND HIS SNIGGERING SQUAD OF THUGS DISGUISED AS TREES, SET OUT TO PINCH THE DING-DONG BONANZA GOLD MINE. AND WHO'S TO STOP THEM NOW?——

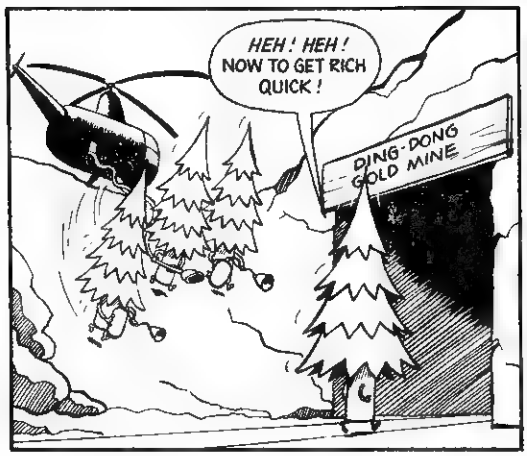




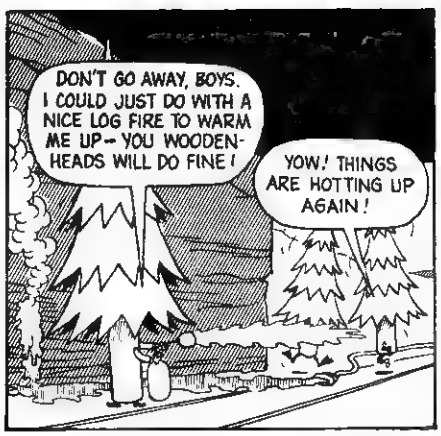


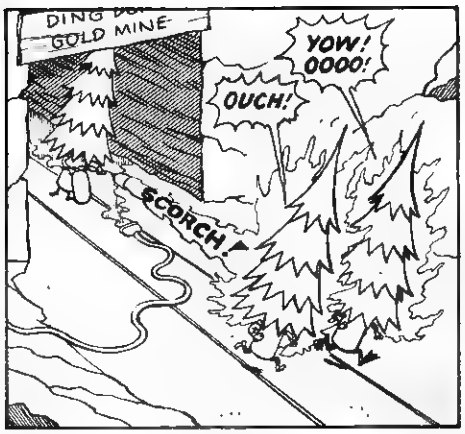


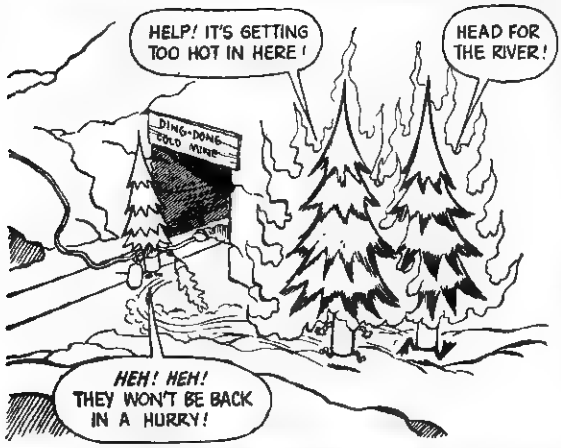


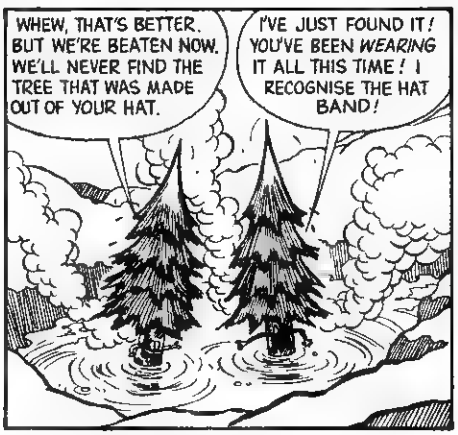


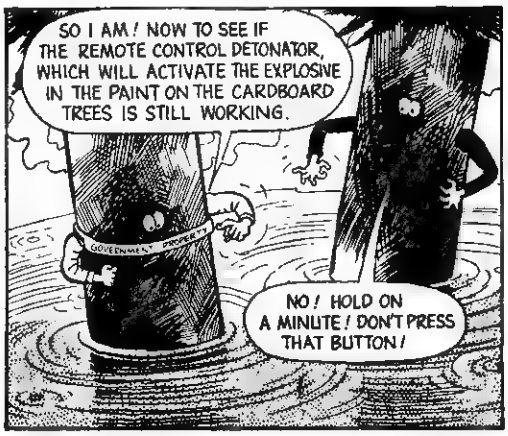
OOPS!
WHAT'S THAT?
TRIP!


DON'T GO AWAY, BOYS. I COULD JUST DO WITH A NICE LOG FIRE TO WARM ME UP – YOU WOODEN-HEADS WILL DO FINE!
YOW! THINGS ARE HOTTING UP AGAIN!


GOLD MINE
YOW! OOOO!
OUCH!
SCORCH!


HELP! IT'S GETTING TOO HOT IN HERE!
HEAD FOR THE RIVER!
DING-DONG GOLD MINE
HEH! HEH! THEY WON'T BE BACK IN A HURRY!


WHEW, THAT'S BETTER. BUT WE'RE BEATEN NOW. WE'LL NEVER FIND THE TREE THAT WAS MADE OUT OF YOUR HAT.
I'VE JUST FOUND IT! YOU'VE BEEN WEARING IT ALL THIS TIME! I RECOGNISE THE HAT BAND!


SO I AM! NOW TO SEE IF THE REMOTE CONTROL DETONATOR, WHICH WILL ACTIVATE THE EXPLOSIVE IN THE PAINT ON THE CARDBOARD TREES IS STILL WORKING.
GOVERNMENT PROPERTY
NO! HOLD ON A MINUTE! DON'T PRESS THAT BUTTON!

OH, NO! HE PRESSED IT!
BOOM!

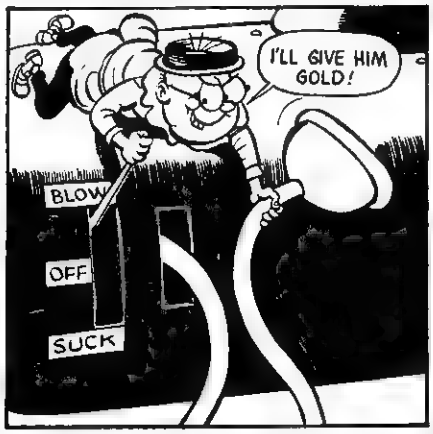
GROAN! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?
ER, SORRY, MY MISTAKE. I FORGOT OUR TREES HAD THE SAME EXPLOSIVE PAINT ON THEM. BUT LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE OTHER TREES BACK AT THE MINE!

HOORAY! WE EXPLODED THE LOT – THE MINERS HAVE GOT LEAF'S MEN!
YES – BUT WHERE IS HE?

ON MY WAY WITH A 'COPTER FULL OF MELTED GOLD! THANKS FOR GETTING RID OF MY MEN, BUNGLE. I DIDN'T NEED THEIR HELP ANY MORE! 'BYE-EEE!
BAH!

YOU DON'T GET AWAY AS EASY AS THAT!
WHIRR!
GRAB!

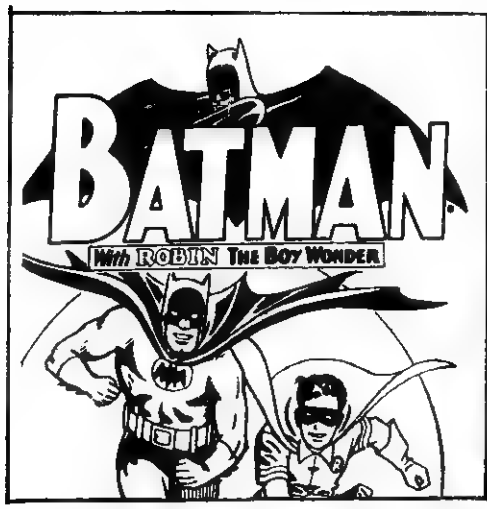
BLOW
OFF
SUCK


I'LL GIVE HIM GOLD!
BLOW
OFF
SUCK

HA! HA! MOLTEN GOLD, ALL OVER HIS WINDSHIELD!
HELP! I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING!

CRASH!
HEH! HEH!
YOW!

WELL, THAT WRAPS IT UP. WE MOUNTIES GOT OUR MAN!
YEP – AND GOLD-PLATED, TOO! RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM IN A GILT EDGE SECURITY JAIL!
BAH!
NEXT ISH: 'FOLLOW THAT CAMEL!' – OR THE CASE THAT GAVE LARRY THE HUMP!


BATMAN
With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

THE EVIL "PRETTY BOY" FLOY CALLS ON ARSON EXPERT "TERRY THE TORCH"--
BOB KANE
MY LITTLE "FIREMAN" DOLL WORKS BY REMOTE CONTROL... AND HE STARTS FIRES!
HOW?

YOU SIMPLY GUIDE HIM TO THE "TARGET" BY RADIO. THEN YOU PUSH THIS BUTTON, AND --
WHOOSH!

BY THE WAY-- WHAT IS YOUR TARGET?
REFINERY NO. 3 OF THE KOOM OIL COMPANY!

SO I SENT HIM A PHONEY ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION -- BUT HOW CAN HE FIND ME WHEN I GAVE HIM NO ADDRESS?
DON'T WORRY! A BIG SHOT LIKE KOOM CAN FIND ANYBODY! MEANWHILE --
AND SO, ARMED WITH THE 'FIREMAN' DOLL, FLOY AND HIS SISTER PLAN THEIR COUP AGAINST BILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST TYRONE KOOM ...

MEANWHILE HOW COME YOU'RE PLAYING WITH DOLLS?

--THIS LITTLE TOY WILL MAKE YOUR PREDICTION COME TRUE, SIS!

THE OFFICE OF TYCOON TYRONE KOOM...
THIS MYSTERIOUS "MADAME ZODIAC" ADVISES ME TO SELL ALL MY OIL HOLDINGS!
THE WOMAN IS A FRAUD, SIR! KOOM OIL HAS NEVER BEEN STRONGER!
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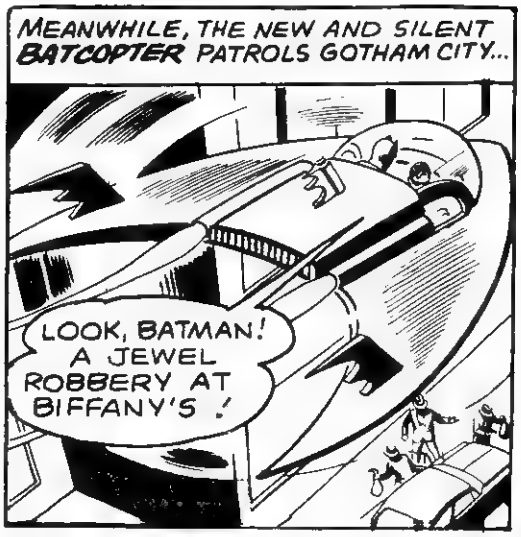
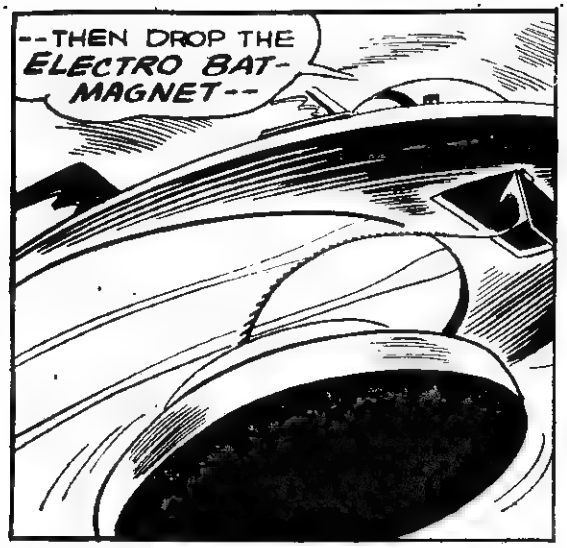
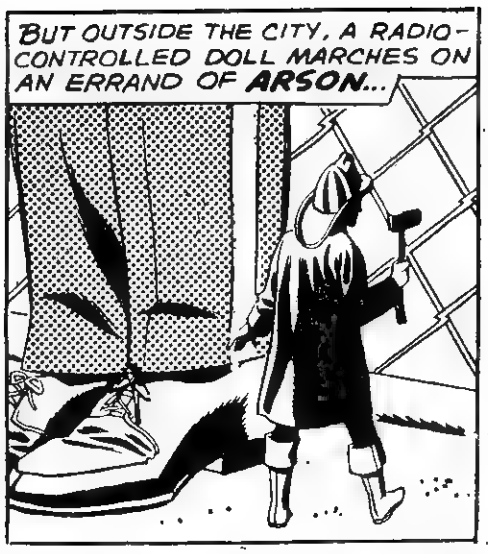
BUT WHAT THE STARS FORETELL MUST BE TRUE!


MEANWHILE, THE NEW AND SILENT BATCOPTER PATROLS GOTHAM CITY...
LOOK, BATMAN! A JEWEL ROBBERY AT BIFFANY'S!

WHY DON'T WE LAND AND CAPTURE THOSE CROOKS??
EASIER TO LET THEM GET IN THEIR GET-AWAY CAR--





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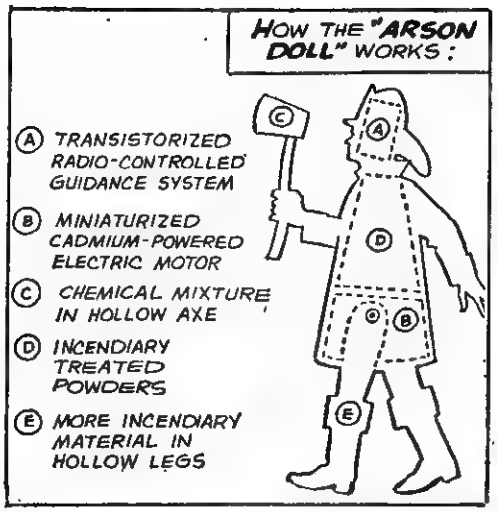
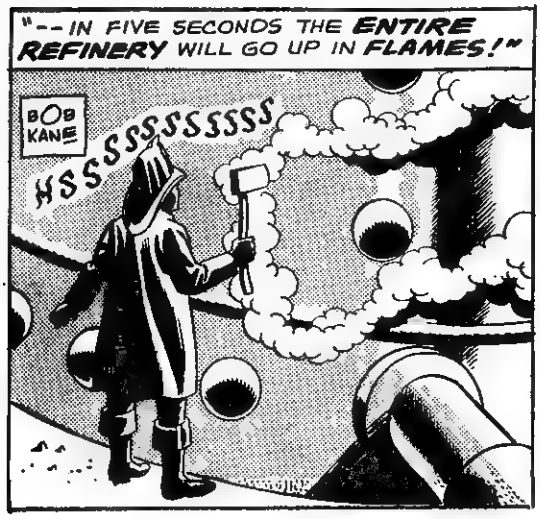
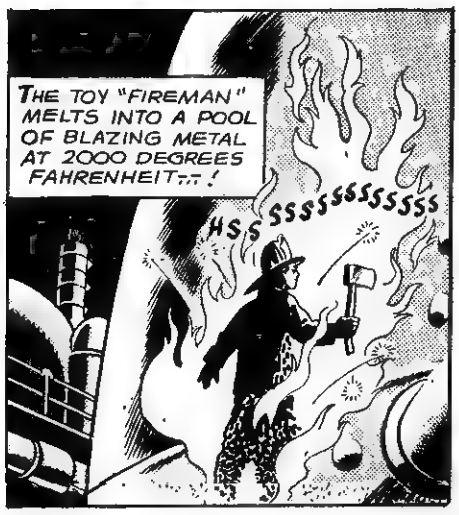
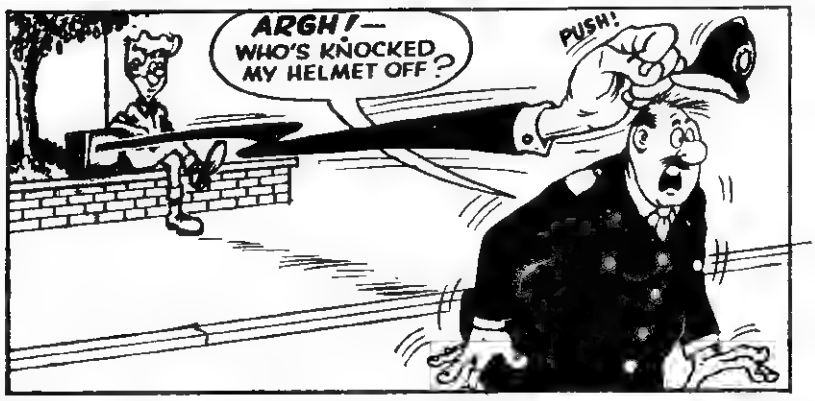


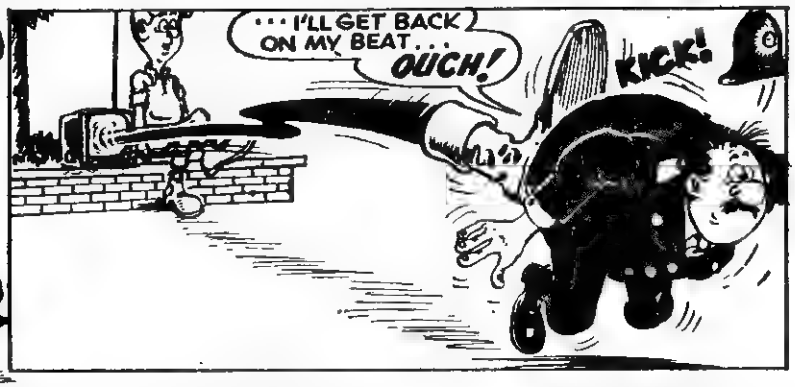


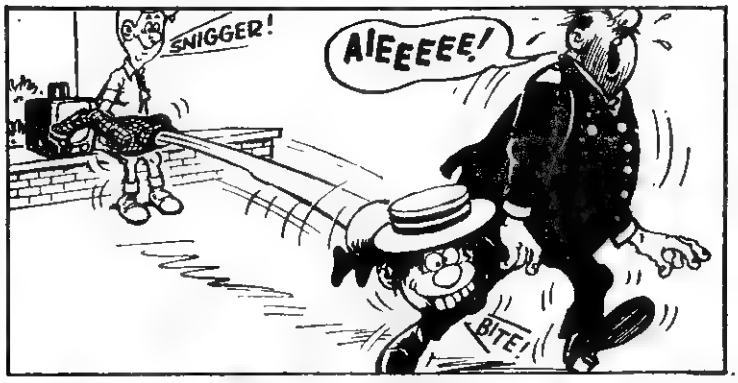


Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...







GRIMLY FEENDISH

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HOW TO ENTER

Here are listed four famous racing drivers but, unfortunately, their names have become jumbled. All you have to do is to discover their proper names (to help you, the number of letters in each name is shown in brackets) then write a last line for our unfinished limerick.

Neatly write the names of the four drivers, in block letters, on the back of a POSTCARD; then write your last line for our limerick. Add your name and address and age, and post your card (3d. postage) to GRAND PRIX COMPETITION, SMASH, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. to arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 24th MAY, 1968.

Competitors aged 10 or under may complete their entries in pencil; older readers must use ink—pen or ball-pen.

All entries will be examined, and our prize records will be awarded to the 25 readers who have correctly listed the four racing drivers and who have, in the opinion of the judges, submitted the most apt and amusing last line for the limerick—with ages being taken into consideration.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of the proprietors of SMASH and members of their families. Only one entry per reader is allowed.

The Editor's decision is final in all matters, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in SMASH.

UNSCRAMBLE THESE DRIVERS

HIRAM G. HALL (6 & 4)
JESSE HUNTOR (4 & 7)
CLARENCE BRUM (5 & 7)
MAJ. HABBAR, K.C. (4 & 7)

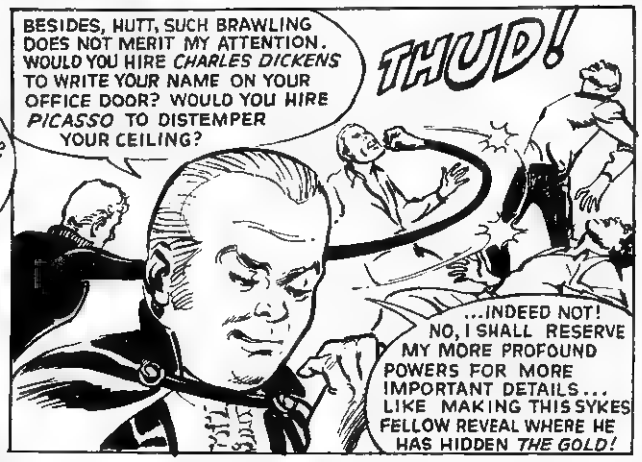
MAKE UP A LAST LINE FOR THIS LIMERICK

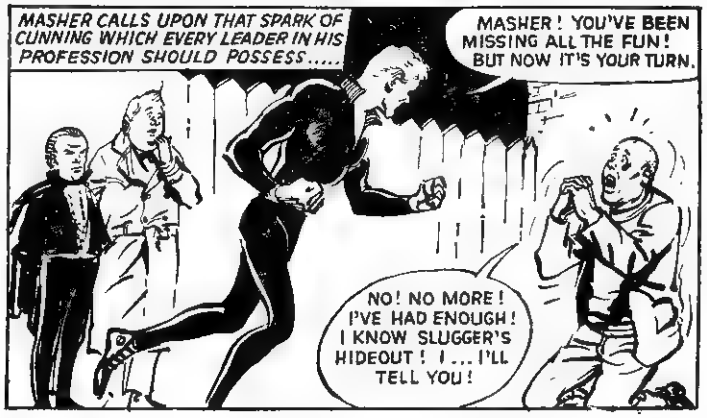
A driver in a Grand Prix
Was stung on the neck by a bee.
The pain made him swerve
Whilst rounding a curve.

*** Music for Pleasure records . . . Way out sounds at a price YOU can afford are available in your local dealers' NOW! Ask for the catalogue.**

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

TO BAIT A TRAP FOR THAT HYPNOTIC VILLAIN, MESMO, RUBBERMAN HAS SOLD HIS BUSINESS AND BOUGHT A COLLECTION OF GOLD VALUABLES. BUT THE TRAP FAILS AND IT IS A CROOK CALLED SLUGGER SYKES WHO STEALS THE GOLD. RUBBERMAN, HIS PARTNER SAM HUTT, AND MESMO MAKE A TEMPORARY TRUCE TO SEARCH FOR SLUGGER SYKES...





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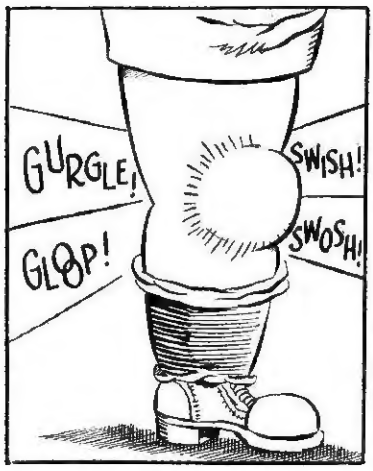
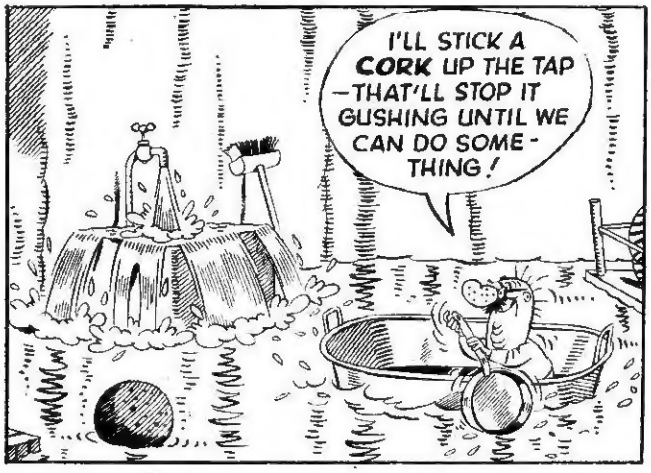
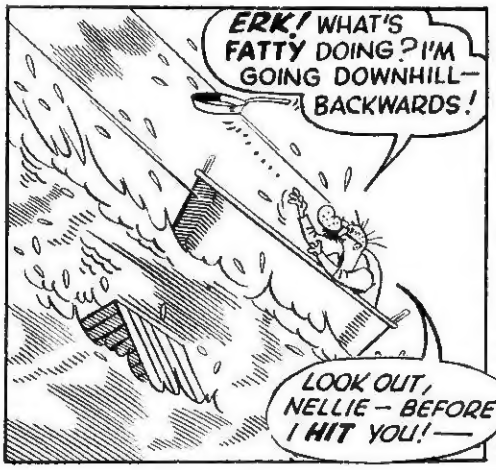
THE NERVS


GURGLE!
SWISH!
GLOP!
SWOSH!

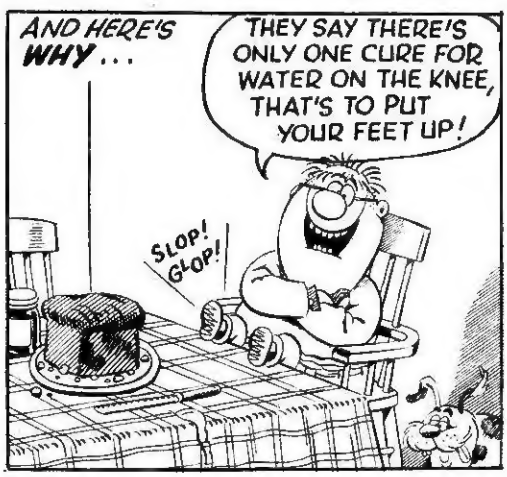
I THINK I'VE GOT WATER ON THE KNEE — GALLONS OF IT!

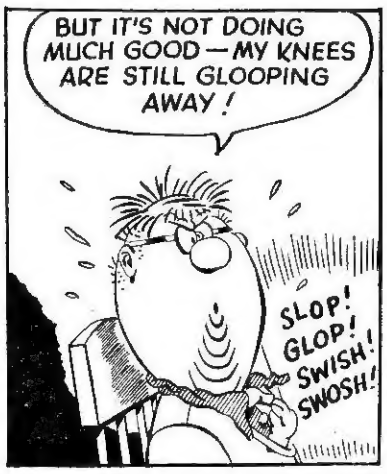
SO-O-O... LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE FATTY'S KNEE, SHALL WE?
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU TWERP — YOU SAID YOU'D FIX THAT TAP WASHER WEEKS AGO! NOW LOOK AT IT!


I'LL STICK A CORK UP THE TAP — THAT'LL STOP IT GUSHING UNTIL WE CAN DO SOMETHING!

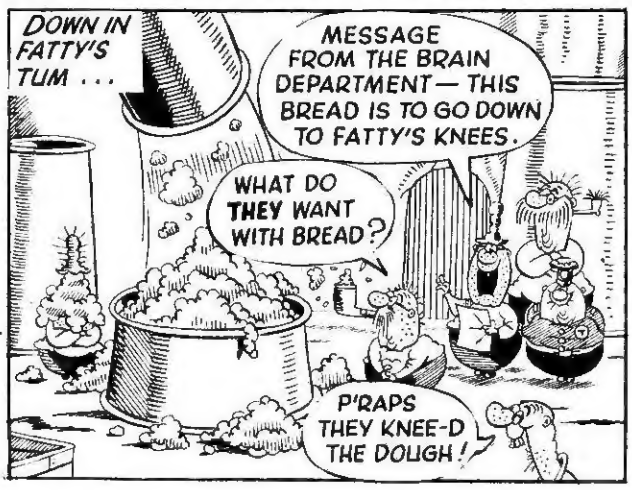

ERK! WHAT'S FATTY DOING? I'M GOING DOWNHILL — BACKWARDS!
LOOK OUT, NELLIE — BEFORE I HIT YOU! —

OH, DEAR — THOSE POOR KNEERVS WON'T FIX THAT TAP NOW — THEY'RE K.O ED!
BASH!
CRUNCH!
SPLAT!
TOO LATE — OOF!


AND HERE'S WHY...
THEY SAY THERE'S ONLY ONE CURE FOR WATER ON THE KNEE, THAT'S TO PUT YOUR FEET UP!
SLOP! GLOP!

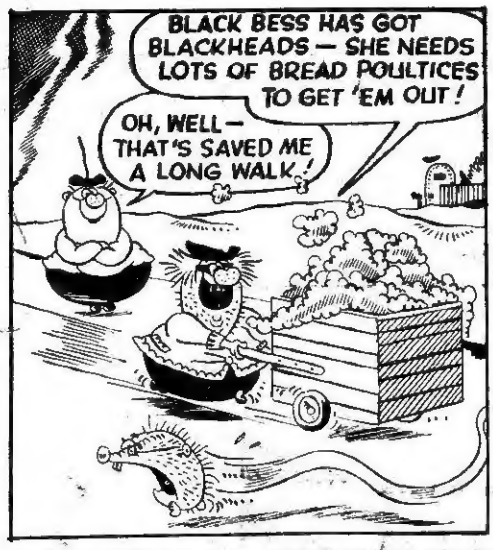

BUT IT'S NOT DOING MUCH GOOD — MY KNEES ARE STILL GLOOPING AWAY!
SLOP! GLOP! SWISH! SWOSH!

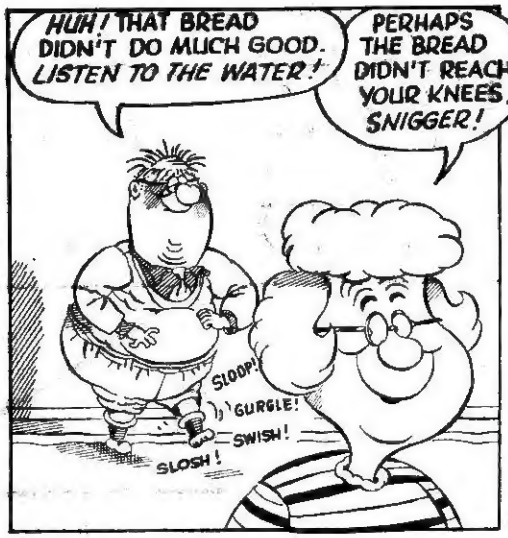
PERHAPS IF I EAT LOTS OF BREAD SOME OF IT WILL REACH MY KNEES AND SOAK IT UP!
CHOMP!
?


DOWN IN FATTY'S TUM...
MESSAGE FROM THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT — THIS BREAD IS TO GO DOWN TO FATTY'S KNEES.
WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH BREAD?
P'RAPS THEY KNEE-D THE DOUGH!

GRRR! WHATEVER THEY WANT IT FOR — I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT DOWN THERE!
TO KNEE DEPT.

HALT! STAND AND — BURP! — DELIVER! BURP!
ERK! — IT'S OL' DICK BURPIN, THE DREADED THIGHWAY ROBBER!!

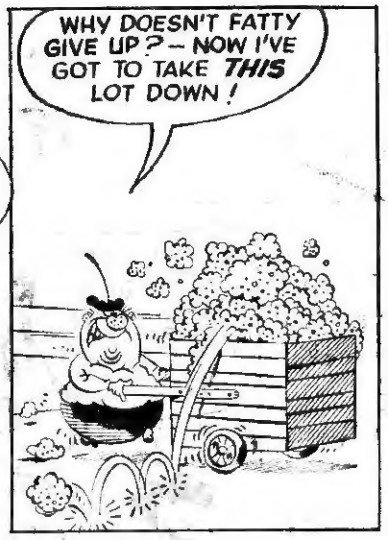

BLACK BESS HAS GOT BLACKHEADS — SHE NEEDS LOTS OF BREAD POULTICES TO GET 'EM OUT!
OH, WELL — THAT'S SAVED ME A LONG WALK!

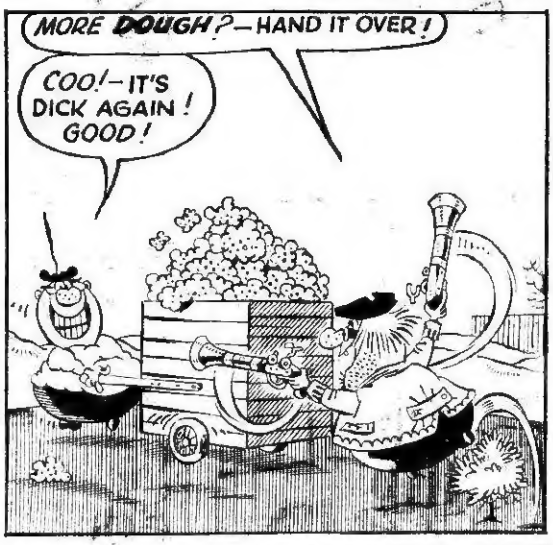

HUH! THAT BREAD DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD. LISTEN TO THE WATER!
PERHAPS THE BREAD DIDN'T REACH YOUR KNEES! SNIGGER!
SLOOP!
GURGLE!
SWISH!
SLOSH!

I WONDER WHAT THE FAT TWERP WILL THINK OF NEXT!

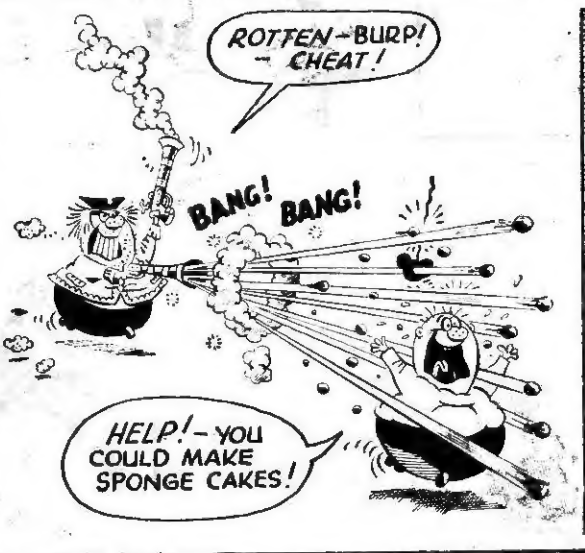
HELP! WHAT'S HE EATING IN THE BATH-ROOM?
MUNCH! CHOMP! SLURP!

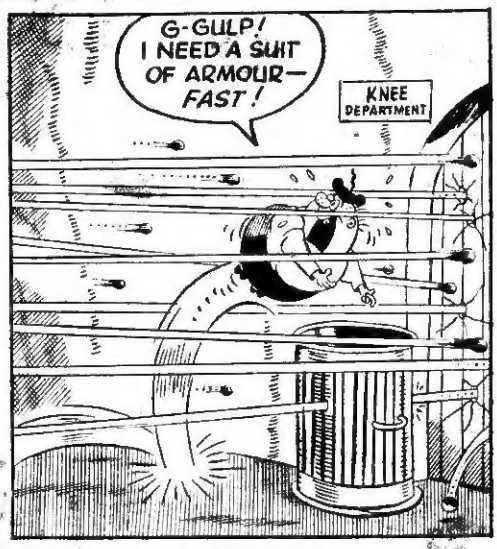
OH, NO! HE'S EATING THE BATH-SPONGE!
NOTHING LIKE A SPONGE FOR SOAKING UP WATER! CHOMP!
MUNCH! SLURP! CHOMP!


WHY DOESN'T FATTY GIVE UP? — NOW I'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS LOT DOWN!


MORE DOUGH? — HAND IT OVER!
COO! — IT'S DICK AGAIN! GOOD!

HEY! THIS — BURP! — ISN'T BREAD! YOU'RE TRYIN' TO — BURP! — TRICK ME!

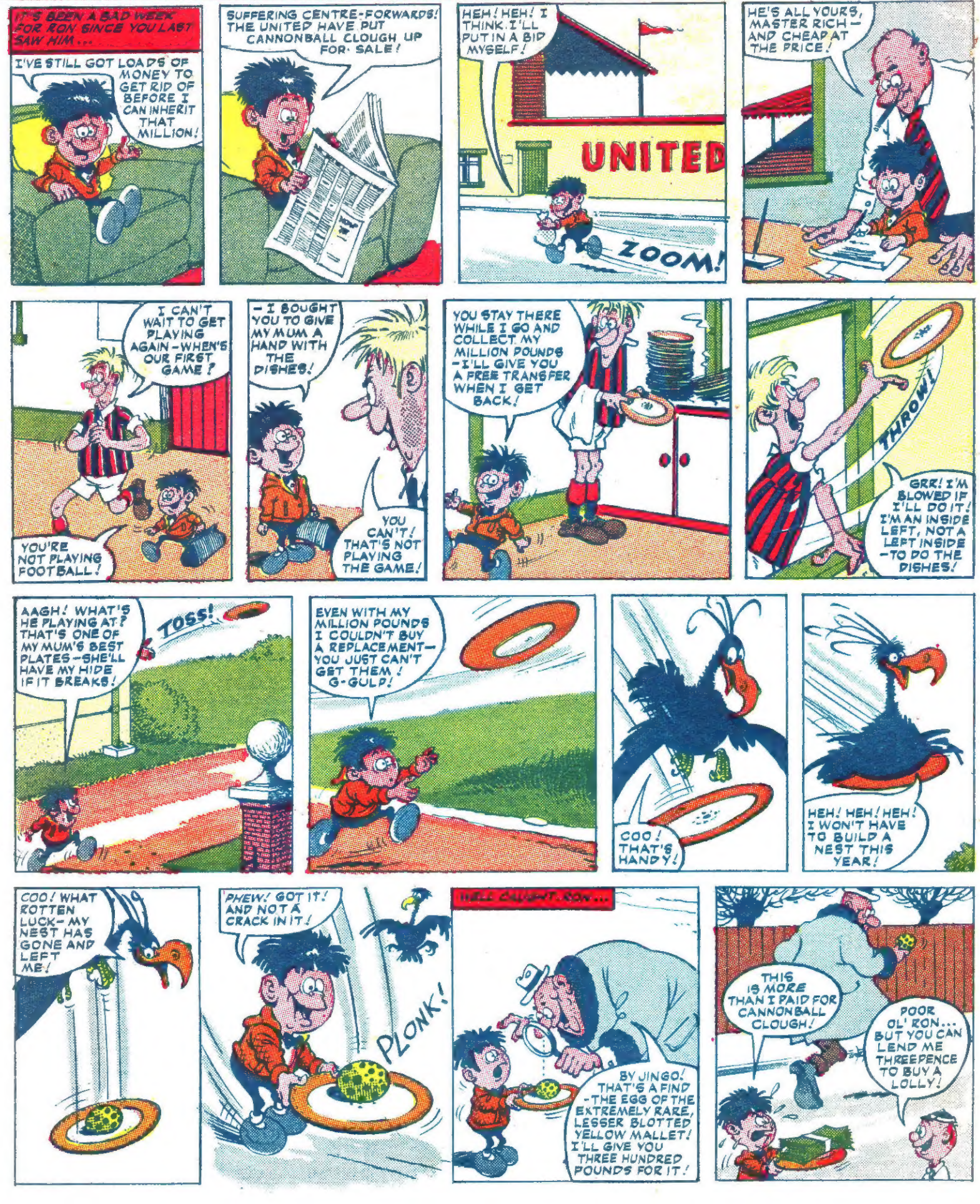

ROTTEN — BURP! — CHEAT!
BANG! BANG!
HELP! — YOU COULD MAKE SPONGE CAKES!


G-GULP! I NEED A SUIT OF ARMOUR — FAST!
KNEE DEPARTMENT

SUFFERING-SIX-GUNS! THAT PLACE MUST BE FULL OF WATER — IT'S POURING OUT THROUGH THE BULLET HOLES!
WA-AAH! — IT'S SOAKED MY GUNS! THEY'RE USELESS NOW!

COO! — THE WATER'S ALL GONE! I'LL FIX THE TAP NOW, NELLIE!
WELL, I NEVER!
AND BEHIND THE DOOR...

MUM! — THE WATER'S GONE FROM MY KNEE! — THAT SPONGE DID THE TRICK, AFTER ALL!
ANY MUM WANT TO DO A SWAP? — SIGH! —

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT

RONNIE RICH